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LEG SHOW

DECEMBER, 1991 \$4.95 U.S. \$5.95 CANADA

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HOLIDAY
EDITION**

**EXOTIC
VICTORIAN
CORSETS**

**SHOCKING,
UNSHAVED SOPHIA**

**ANOTHER
GLIMPSE IN
THE CHANGING
ROOM**



INTENDED FOR
MATURE READERS
OVER THE AGE OF 18



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The photos, words and illustrations in this magazine are intended for fantasy purposes only. The editors do not suggest or encourage readers to act out fantasies contained herein. We encourage safe sex practices and present this magazine as a safe fantasy alternative to high-risk activities.

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LEG FORM

STEPPING FORWARD

Dear LEG SHOW,

I'll never forget the first time I talked into a pair of high heels. I had never had any interest in them before, and had always wondered why so many women wore them. A friend and I went out to a nightclub in a local hotel in town. We are both attractive, but I am sure that I am more attractive than my friend. We were both sitting at the bar in our mini skirts, but she was getting all the attention. I couldn't understand why so I tried to get the guys to notice me. I started making eyes at the men as they walked up, but they still always went to her and she wasn't really even trying. Finally I asked her what I was doing wrong.

She said that she wished she had legs like mine and that I just needed to learn how to present them. She suggested that I try a pair of her high heels and see what happened. We left for her apartment and she picked out a pair of 4 1/2 inch black heels that were the slide type.

When we got back to the bar she reached in her purse and gave me an ankle bracelet to wear with them. When we sat down, all the men were looking at my legs now. The shoes made me feel sexy, and this time I was getting all the attention and I was amazed at the difference. Men that had walked right by me before now stopped in their tracks when they saw me.

Then my friend said it was time to learn how to get even more from my new shoes. She told me to watch

what she did and then for me to do the same. She pointed one of her shoes, or let it dangle, and the guys were right back to looking at her. I watched all her little games and then I did the same. Well, let me just say that I could have had any man in that place after I followed her.

Now I always wear high heels and I don't even own any flats. I am so glad that she showed me how high heels can make so much of a difference. Now when I go to a nightclub I'm never overlooked and I always enjoy myself. My high heels give me so much more confidence in myself and I can get any man that I want.

Brenda Collins

CASTING CALL

Dear Diane:

Thanks for a great magazine. Foot and leg lovers have to love it! In a recent letter from a Mr. M.S., he expressed his interest in females with casted legs and feet. I too find an attractive leg or foot extremely exciting when it is encased in a cast. Several months back I met a young lady who lives in my apartment complex who had recently had a fall and broken her leg. She was in a cast that extended from her toes to her hip. I immediately was turned on, and asked her out the next time I saw her. She accepted.

We returned to her apartment after dinner and a show and had a drink on her sofa. She propped her casted leg up in my lap. I had been

hard all night, but now I could barely control myself. After I massaged her toes for several minutes she asked me if I was turned on by her cast. I was embarrassed and denied it, but she called me a liar and said that she had seen me looking at her toes all evening. When I finally admitted that I was turned on by her cast she asked me if I would mind sucking her swollen toes. She said that she had wanted someone to suck them ever since she had gotten her cast.

I immediately responded by gently lifting her casted foot to my mouth and devouring each of her swollen digits. The wonderful smell of her casted foot caused me to almost come in my pants.

Needless to say, we had a wonderful evening of sex. She kept her cast after her leg healed and now models it for me. I adore eating her and sucking every inch of her legs and feet while she teases me with her casted leg.

Recently, she told me she would like to "take" a broken leg so that she could wear a cast for several weeks. We need suggestions on what medical supplies to buy for a cast and any application suggestions. Hopefully, M.S. or someone can help.

P.S. We both loved the pictures of Tammy in the cast.

C.D.

PAST PERFECT

Dear Diane:

My first sexual stocking ex-

perience happened when I was 18 years old. I was visiting my grandparents' home in Canton, Ohio. There were a few peeing experiences that I had with girls my own age in the past, where the girls would let me stroke their legs to the tops of their stockings, but that was about it.

That summer in Canton, my mother's friend, Irene, was always coming to the house when we were there. She was 38 years old, with long red hair and very attractive to me. The major attraction was her stockings and heels. Irene always wore spiked sandals with reinforced heel and toe mylons. They were always black or taupe. I had to lay on my stomach when she was there, so I could look at her legs and at the same time hide my erection. She used to catch me all the time looking at her feet and legs and I got the im-

pression that she liked it because she would sometimes smooth out her mylons all the way to the garter when we were in the room alone. The year was 1967. Irene drove a 1966 Chevrolet Bel Air. It was maroon and had a stick shift. God I loved that car. Having just gotten a driver's license, Irene offered me an opportunity to drive her car. My mother didn't want me to drive it but Irene was insistent.

There was a large park not far from the house which everyone thought would be the best place to drive. During the ride from the house, Irene kept letting her dress ride up to the tops of her black mylons as she shifted gears, and I couldn't take my eyes off her legs. As we entered the park there was a small dirt road off the main road which went back through the trees. I really got excited when she stopped about 40 yards in. She slid her legs around toward me and said "You like my legs don't you? Would you like to touch them?"

My face must have dropped a foot and I told her yes. I started to stroke her foot and calves. She told me to rub higher, up to her thighs, and as I did she placed her foot in the crotch of my shorts. As soon as I felt her foot I came in my pants. I was so embarrassed. She immediately kissed and kissed me, placing her tongue in my mouth. She asked me to touch her between her legs, but I was hesitant, so she took my



hand and placed it on her crotch. We continued to kiss and she started to moan. I thought the whole world was going to hear us. Irene told me to take off her panties—it was the first time I had ever seen a real vagina. Irene pushed my head down between her legs and told me to kiss her. She was so wet and she kept pushing my head so hard that I could hardly breathe. She started to scream "Put your tongue inside me!" As I did I could feel a flood of her juices all over my face and she was bucking up and down. Then she tensed and relaxed.

She looked down at me and told me how wonderful that was. She wanted me to continue to stroke her stockings while she rested. After a few minutes she asked me if I would lick her again, only this time slower and gentler. As I made love to her, she constantly directed all my activities and had another orgasm.

After a few minutes Irene asked me if I ever had anyone put their mouth on me. I replied no. She learned over and unguessed my shorts, which were still damp from before. She placed her mouth directly over my cock and wrapped her hand around the base of my shaft. Her mouth and hand worked in a single motion for all of about one minute until I came in her mouth. Not one drop escaped her lips as she continued to suck me. Then she sat up, started the car and drove to one of the park rest rooms. She told me to go in and wash my face and clean myself up. I must have waited for her for twenty minutes, but when she came out she looked fresh as a daisy.

The ride back to the house was the strangest part of the whole evening. Irene told me that she only could have sex with young guys and she would never let them fuck her. Irene told me that she had never been married because when she was young she had been raped by her brother-in-law who was about ten years older than her. She also stated that no man would ever enter her again. She also told me that there were three other young men in her apartment building which she had sex with on a regular basis. She also told me that she did not want to have sex with me because of her relationship with my mother but could not help herself. The last thing she told me was about the power of nylon stockings and high heels. She said she knew how much it turned men on. Especially the men in her office. She used it as a tease, but would never go out with any of the men. Irene said if I did not say anything to anyone about the evening that we could do it again, which was enough incentive for me to keep quiet.

I never did see Irene since that summer. She moved to Michigan and used to write my mother and asked how we all were, especially me.

That night had changed me

forever in more ways than one. It is ironic that Irene had a fetish for young guys and that for a long time in my life that I had one for older women in garter belts, stockings and heels, but that's another story. I would love to hear from others who have had a similar experience with an older woman in garter belt and nylons.

W.E.
P.O. Box 30585
Philadelphia, PA 19103

FOOT BOY HERO



Dear Dan,

I am writing to tell you a story which I never thought could or would happen to me. It's about an experience I had with a young lady on our block named Jennifer L. She is a strawberry blonde, nineteen year old, apollon brot. Although she was very pretty she was not a very nice person. She always used her looks to her advantage to get whatever she wanted, and she always got it. She cared only about herself and was not a fair person. Being a couple of years older than her I could see this. I never liked her, and she knew it.

Then came my undoing. One day she saw me in the corner store purchasing a copy of LEG SHOW. She walked over to the magazine rack, picked up a second copy, and glanced through it, smiling at me in a sexy way. Then she put it back and left the store.

About a week later I was in my driveway watching my car when she rode by on a bicycle. She was wearing white shorts, halter top, and white tennis shoes. She rode by ignoring me and went around the corner. About five minutes later she came riding around the block again still in her white halter top and shorts, but her tennis shoes were red, dangling from the handle bar, and she was pedaling her ten speed bike with her bare feet! I knew she was doing this on purpose, but at the sight of her lovely unshod pedaling feet I lost control. I started directly at them, breathing hard as I rode by with a confused smile, noticing the bulge in my shorts. Her feet were magnificently shaped, with lovely soft, pure white flesh, and I couldn't take my eyes off them until she turned the corner.



I had barely recovered when she rounded the block for the third time and instead of going by she pulled right into my driveway. "I think my chain is loose. Could you check it?" she asked sarcastically, pointing down to the front sprocket. I knelt at the sprocket, my face only inches away from the lovely bare foot resting on the pedal. The chain was all right, and we both knew it, but I started to fool with it anyway and I let my hand brush her bare foot.

"Do you like my bare feet?" she asked. I looked up at her, all choked up and nodded yes. "Then why don't you kiss them," she demandingly suggested. I was totally in her power and I obediently lowered my lips to her foot, but as I did she snapped her bike out of gear and rolled back, drawing her feet away from my face. As I moved toward her she did this again and again until before I realized it, I had crawled down my entire driveway on my hands and knees trying to kiss her bare feet. By now we were almost in the street. She put her bike in gear and planted her soft sole directly into my face and pushed off laughing.

As I knelt on the sidewalk and watched her bare foot pedal away, remembering that brief moment of her soft, luscious sole directly in my face, I knew she had me where she wanted me, and that she knew it too.

The next few times she saw me she just snatched and pointed to her feet. I thought I was going to go insane with passion as she tormented me by deliberately riding her bike past my house bare foot again and again for the next several days. Then she called me and asked if I learned my lesson, about being a macho pig, and if I was ready to comply with her wishes, to be at her place that night at 11 o'clock. She told me she had the house for her feet and I told her myself. She also told me to come alone and on foot, and I didn't show up if I'd never have another chance at what I wanted. And we both knew what that was.

When I arrived at her place she was sitting on her front porch. It was a warm night and she was wearing a black string bikini with her gorgeous legs stretched out, crossed at the ankles, with her lovely

feet resting bare on the porch railing. She wiggled her sexy toes seductively at me and asked me if I'd like to suck on them. I responded with a "Yes, please." She told me that first I had to do something for her, pointing to her ten speed bicycle. She ordered me to ride it around the block. Thinking that was simple enough I started for the bike.

"Just a minute," she said, "I want you to ride it naked!"

"What?" I cried in amazement. "Naked? Nude. Stripped. Bare. As natural. In the raw. To the buff in your birthday suit," she replied. "Do you get the fuckin' message? If you want to kiss my feet, you do as I say. Or else!"

I slowly removed my clothing as she watched, smiling in a smug way, and mounted the bike.

"Flurry back, here boy," she said mockingly. "My feet are ready for a good licking."

I started around the block and I was lucky no one was around. I had to ditch behind a couple of trees once to elude a passing car, but I made it back unseen. As I pulled into her driveway she still sat on the porch shining a flashlight on me. She ordered me to get off the bike and crawl to her feet on my hands and knees under the light. She told me she would cherish the moment forever, watching me kneel and grovel before her, stripped of all clothing and dignity, assing, licking, and sucking on her bare feet like an obedient dog.

I was in ecstasy licking and sucking the tender flesh of her succulent feet. I realized the full power of a woman. She had always gotten her way, and probably always will. And I, of all people, was living proof. I wish you would print this letter in your fine magazine so I may show it her in offering it as a declaration of my submission.

Jennifer's Foot Boy

OUT OF THE CLOSET



Dear LEG SHOW:

My girlfriend is 38 years old, a natural blonde, 5'9" tall with long, shapely legs and a figure that you would have to see to believe. She owns her own company and frequently takes days off. I didn't get suspicious about anything until I realized that when she planned an

off day, the previous night she'd always send me to the store for carrots, the fattest cucumbers, explaining she liked them seeded, and a certain brand of wine with the bottle then at the neck and real fat in the middle.

After about four weeks of this I questioned her about the veggies and she explained she ate salads and wine to relax on her days off. I didn't believe her, so the following day I sneaked into her walk in closet in the morning when she was early in the shower. When she came out she read my note saying I'd see her after work. Not to my surprise she proceeded to put on black seamed nylons with a white garter belt and high spiked heels. I started getting a hard-on anticipating what I was about to see.

She started out by turning on the stereo and lying on her back on the bed. She worked a carrot up her ass and then grabbed the fat cucumber and slowly eased it into her pussy. She started twisting and pumping the carrot in and out of her ass while pondering the cucumber an end out of her cunt. This went on for about ten minutes, then she rolled over and got on all fours. Her ass was pointing right at me when she pulled the carrot out and proceeded to pour wine down the crack of her ass. I couldn't believe what I was witnessing. My conservative girlfriend getting so kinky. However, the best was yet to come. She pulled the cucumber out of her pussy and with a quick thrust, shoved about eight inches of that fat cucumber up her ass. The cucumber was as thick as my forearm, but she just kept alternating it in her butt while she then stuffed the wine bottle up her cunt.

She came about three times then she rolled off the bed, removing the bottle and cucumber. She then placed the wine bottle on the floor. Her back was now facing me and I watched an amazement as she straddled the tip of the wine bottle with her already stretched asshole. She then slowly sat on the bottle until her butt about two inches was stuffed into her ass. She proceeded to lean over and suck on her ass, her fingers, holding the bottle in her ass. I didn't know an ass could engulf something so thick. Her asshole was so stretched I was wondering if it would ever go back to its normal

size.

That's when I was shocked by her girlfriend walking into the bedroom dressed like a dominatrix in leather. She said, "I see you're all ready for me." She eased the bottle out of my girlfriend's asshole. I watched her grease up her hand and to my disbelief, she worked her whole hand up my girlfriend's ass.

She then cupped her fingers together and started working her other hand up my girlfriend's pussy. She pumped her two hands inside her holes for a good half hour as my girlfriend came and came. Then they both went to the shower and I snuck out.

That night I asked how her day went and she smiled and said it was relaxing. I'm going to continue to sneak in her closet and if it gets any kinkier, I'll be writing you again.

Bill
Hinsdale, IL

SOLE TRAIN



Dear LEG SHOW:

The train pulled into Penn Station and she stood up, turned to me and smiled, then straightened and smoothed out her conservative, tailored business suit. We both moved into the aisle to get off the train with a crowd of people in front of us. I caught a glimpse of her exquisite shoes. Very expensive strappy skin sling boots with about a four-inch heel. She looked to see that I was behind her, then popped her right foot out of the back of her shoe to expose her heel. Letting her weight rest on the ball of her foot, she floored her heel high out of the shoe, and rocked her bare foot impatiently back and forth, knowing that she was giving me quite the exhibition. As her train pulled away, her legs in the calf and let her shoe hit the ground with a loud "plopp!" Then, she took her foot completely out of the shoe, wiggled her flame red toes and announced (in a stage whisper to me) "I simply must get another pedicure. He needs to put a lot more effort into that pedicure show. I need someone who is much more attentive so that my heels and rough spots will be like satin to the touch—or kiss." I certainly couldn't tell—her feet looked flawless to me. I simply smiled at her.

(continued on page 44)

Its Time Has Come

I said I wasn't going to do it, I said I shouldn't, I said I need to stay out of this sort of stuff, but you know me, mmm, I can't leave my camera alone. It's summer as I write this, even though you're buying it in October or November. Big in the news right now is the arrest of Peewee Herman (or [gasp!] playing with himself in a Florida porno theater. The nation is shocked, appalled, the story has pushed the *Murder* serial killer, off the front page. The man's career is over—no one even questions the appropriateness of the move—and psychiatrists are offering advice on how to explain Peewee's crime to your children.

Sigh. Do you know how many serious, ghastly, murderous crimes were committed that same day, that the American public accepted without a twitch? Do we really pretend that we're horrified because Peewee broke a law? Let's less up, isn't all the fuss about 1) our prurient terror about sexuality, 2) our national hysteria about pornography, 3) our deeply felt conviction that masturbation is a sin? Oh, I'm sorry, I'm forgetting that Peewee was the host of a children's show and therefore is not allowed to be an adult man with adult male desires. And masturbation is so abnormal, so unusual, how can we ever make our children understand that one of their TV heroes was guilty of such a thing? What hypocritical shit. Okay, I hear the argument that a guy with star status ought to be more discrete about where he pulls his meat, but you can't get much more private than a porn theater. I mean, no children are allowed and with me moving, time clearly described on the outside there's a little chance an innocent will wander in and be traumatized by the horrible sight of human procreation. I suppose the law could argue that they're concerned about safe sex practices, that they wanted to make sure there was no dangerous, disease spreading sex taking place in there. One lady would have confirmed that was not the case, that it was just a few masturbators making the most of their bodies' pleasure systems. But hey, any cop will tell you it's a lot safer to bust guys for jerking off than it is to bust guys for selling crack. Not many masturbators will pull a gun and blow the arresting officer's head off.

Of course, with what's been going on in Florida law enforcement recently it's surprising they didn't go in and blow the masturbators' heads off. A married couple were "treated" shortly before the Peewee arrest for having sex in their own home. Their crime was not making sure the drapes were entirely closed. Through a small gap in the drapes (which were, in fact, closed) a peeping in, which was able to videotape them having sex. This neighbor turned his voyeuristic video over to the police, charging that if he could see enough to get such a hot video, his children might have been able to peek in and see the action. Now wouldn't you think it would be the guy who made the



video would go to jail? Not in Florida. The married couple was arrested and the peeper was commended for his civic vigilance!

But back to masturbation. It occurred to me after Peewee's arrest that there is a reason guys don't stay home and whack off. Many masturbators live with people who don't understand their harmless activity, making "homework" noisy. Others are simply exhibitionistic and like jerking off in the company of other masturbators. The gay community answers this need with peck off clubs. Why not the straight community?

I picture a Masturbatorium, a safe, clean, sensual atmosphere where men would be encouraged to whack off without fear of arrest or disease. Masturbation would be the sole intent of these places so a man could go there with a safe desire to masturbate and his masturbatory needs would be fully met. Tissues, lube, comfortable, masturbation coaches and, of course, entertainment would be provided. Leggy hostesses in masturbation inspiring attire would circulate among the clientele, urging them to squirt a big one in rough or gentle terms. Since no actual sex, not even touching, would take place, masturbation hostesses would likely be of a better quality than the high volume prostitutes found in most sex entertainment parlors. And because they'd have a power over their clients prostitutes don't have there, is every reason to believe they'd become as addicted to teasing men into jerking off as our LEG SHOW models.

Think of it, men. You pay a reasonable cover price and enter into a world of pure sensual pleasure. While you're besotted in ways you've only fantasized about you indulge freely in your favorite sensual release. When you're finished you've broken no marriage vows, committed no crime, exposed yourself to no disease, and yet experienced complete sexual satisfaction. If we were true to the Constitution, if church and state were really separate entities, this could be a reality. You and I know this to be true, but what a far cry. One which Peewee may well ponder in exile.

—Dian

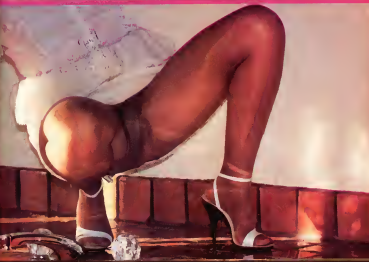


I'd like to share with your readers an encounter of the most glamorous kind. This occurred while I was a real estate agent in Beverly Hills. Everyone always thinks of a celebrity haven and an exciting happening place. The truth is, for most of us, it's a day to day routine town with little excitement. This day, however, was to prove very different.

"The phone rang at 9:30 A.M., the voice on the other end was asking about a listing I had up in the hills, which mentions a photographer's studio. He said he'd like to see it today. He asked if we could take his van, as he had valuable photographic equipment in it and didn't want to risk a theft.

"He had explained to me during the interview that he was a freelance photographer who specialized in glamour and boudoir photography. A lot of his props and garments were in the back of the van. One reason he was in Beverly Hills was to shoot a segment for a leg and foot lover. While here, he wanted to look for an appropriate home where he could do his photography in private.

"As he drove and we talked, he began to set me at ease and I shyly admitted to him my secret fantasy had always been to be a model, but as they say in soaps, 'alas' I was too short. 'Oh no?' he interrupted. 'You're not too short,' in fact shorter women make better foot and leg models. Their feet are smaller and daintier and their legs are



generally more shapely, less likely to be skinny. 'Oh,' I said, surprised. 'I didn't ever thought of leg and foot models, just modeling in general.'

"Well," he said, "think about this. How about you putting on some of the clothes and shoes I have in back and posing for me in this house we are going to see? It will do two things. First, it will give me photos of the house for reference in a shop, and second, it will meet my need to find a model for my shoot. And... by the way... you have great legs!" He smiled.

"By then we had arrived at the house. He, running, I found in the van, pulling out a blouse and skirt. He looked at my feet a second and said, 'size 6?' 'Yes,' I said, 'mostly!' I thought as he said, 'I know feet!'

"I dressed and we toured the entire house, him posing and directing me. I had the time of my life. I was really turned on, not only having my fantasy fulfilled, but the shoot was a 'Tease-A-Bot' request and I found that very arousing, not to mention the fact that this photographer was so incredibly good looking and sexy.



"I left the 'model' clothes on so we could hurry back to town. It had been a great day and he liked the house very much. He suggested that I come up to his hotel room and change back to my business attire, then we could have dinner and discuss the sale. While waiting for me to change, he ordered up a bottle of wine and we toasted my new career. Then he kissed me, lightly at first, then a little harder. Soon we were in a fantastic, yet a lingering, sucking kiss. One thing led to another, but, that's another story. We ordered room service at 10:00. What a day!" I just had to send you the photos so everyone could enjoy it along with me!"



SUPERVISOR

ELMER BATTERS

On The Lam

POT
ON SALE
HERE

CAPTAIN
HOBBS
SERIES
DENVER
MEN'S CLOTHING

Few of you realize what life was like for a tag art photographer in the fifties and sixties. I was arrested numerous times for photographing what was considered then perversion—showing sticking toes and garter belts. By the late sixties I'd had enough of going to jail and when I heard that a warrant had once again been issued for my arrest I ran off to San Francisco and hid out in the Haight-Ashbury district.

Now, I was already a middle aged man and no hippie, but it was a good place to disappear for awhile and I did my best to blend in. I just couldn't stand not working, though, and so I did some odd jobs. I hired a few under

Children willing to do the dirty work. I did

"They were more Wild Flowers than anything else, but some of the girls have lived on in my memory. These are some of the better ones from my life on the run. Having no studio I made do, driving them out in the country, to the Central Valley and just finding secluded spots in Golden Gate Park. At last I missed my wife and home too much and turned myself in, but it was interesting while it lasted."

—Elmer Batters





VIDEO TAPES

If the **SUCCULENT TOES** of a **PRETTY GIRL** STIMULATES your **SEXUAL APPETITE** then I have the **SEXIEST THING** next to the **REAL THING** when it comes to **STIMULATING** your **SEXUAL APPETITE** i.e., **VIDEO TAPES** in **COLOR** and **SOUND** featuring the **SUCCULENT TOES** of 40 different **PRETTY YOUNG GIRLS**.

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Dear LEG SHOW:
For all the hurry
readers, pictures of the
best legs in Cincinnati.
As a travel agent, these
have been shown from
Boston to California.
Contact us through the
personals for exchange
and meetings.
Ed and Hope

5 6



4



10



12



11

Dear LEG SHOW:

My wife and I both are long time fans of LEG SHOW. As you can see from the photos, her legs, along with her bodice, are a leg turn on. Any comments from readers would be appreciated and would turn her on.

10 11 12

M & J
Chicago, IL



13



14

Dear Goddess Dian:

We would like to correspond and photo exchange with Female Dominant couples who believe in Female Supremacy and foot worship as part of lifestyle. Len would love to hear from bi and gay women to lick more than her beautiful feet. Sincere only, no pro

7 8 9

Michael Soreal and Len
Box 2096r
18000 Rensbury Rd
Hagerstown, Md. 21041



7



8



9

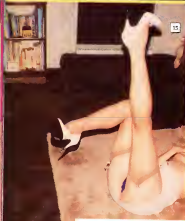
Dear Short:

My boyfriend and I love reading LEG SHOW. We both enjoy masturbating while fantasizing about some of the girls in your magazine. We would like to take this further by extending an invitation to females or couples interested in female/female leg love. Please write with pic. All answered.

13 14

Kelly and Mark
P.O. Box 616
Madison, NJ 08325

LEG SHOW 21



Dear LEG SHOW

We're sending these favorite leg pics to you, hoping you'll print some or all of them. We'd like our fellow readers to enjoy them as we have enjoyed some of theirs.

15 16 17

Jim and Jackie
California

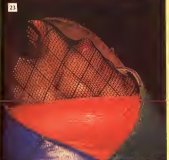
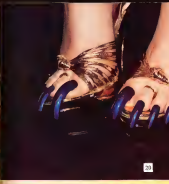


Dear Dian

Here are a couple of photos of my ex-wife's delicious feet. They've provided me many hours of pleasure and I wanted to share them with your readers.

J B and Sweetie1

18 19



Dear Dian
Here are a few more
photos for LEG SHOW
CH

20

21



Dear LEG SHOW

Here's yet more pic of my first and foremost steady subject. I've also got available of others. Let's trade!

Rene II
Box 119
Kew Gardens, NY 11415

22

24

23



ALLISON

BEG



Don't I look breathtaking in my tight, shiny silver pantyhose? I love how they hug my calves, thighs and ass. There's a little Spanx in them as they're extra tight and I simply love to be held tight. By my lingerie, that is. I seldom find a man who's up to the task. It's a shame there aren't more truly masculine men around. A woman craves a strong man, yet when the woman is as strong as I am, as demanding as I am, there are very few men who can master me. Actually I've never met one, which is why I've never given up my cunt to anyone. Odd isn't it, a woman as seductively beautiful as I am a virgin at twenty-three? And yet, who could expect me to

give up something as precious as my cunt, the holy portal to my entire being, to some inferior creature?

"I do like to have fun with you men, though. Even if you're not good enough to fuck me I love having you pay tribute to me with your cocks. I wouldn't dress like this if I didn't want you to get hard-on. An erect penis may be threatening to a lesser woman, but to me, they are the ultimate playthings. I often invite men over for lingerie shows. I provide the lingerie, which is my passion, and he provides the hard-on for his part of the show. In my part, I put on an outfit like you see here, tight shiny pantyhose, an equally tight body suit and model my legs, athletic but-



feminine body from all angles. I arch up on my toes so that my heels pop free of my pumps to give seductive peeks of my feet. My audience has an aching hard-on in no time and I demand that he take it out, just like I demand right now that you take yours out. Then I lie back and spread my legs wide, pulling the fabric at the crotch of my pantyhose oh so tight and taut. I had my wimp come close, having to lean he'll disobey, and make him stare at my cunt lips, parted so neatly, so pink and wet, under the veil of nylon. Then I bring my foot together, cupped in my lovely spike heeled pumps, around his neck. Now I have to see the uncertainty in his face as my lethally sharp heels press at his Adam's apple. 'Now masturbate,' I tell him, as I tell you now, and as I

tighten my high heel grip on his neck he stares transfixed at my sweet pink nylon-embellished cunt and jacks off for his queen.

"I've allowed a few select ones to actually cum on my pantyhose couch, but that's as far as it goes. In some ways you're more fortunate than them all, because I am demanding that you cum on my feet here in the photos, something none of them has ever been allowed. That's to make up for you not being able to feel my heels on your throat."

"So you see, I'm not really cruel, just strong and deserving of a man just as strong. And if I never find a man good enough for me, know that you little jerk-off, have pleased me. It's nothing to sneeze at."





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WHERE REAL WOMEN TELL ALL

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JENNIFER & MARLA:

*Your Wife's
Friends*



You know that little fantasy of yours? The one where your wife, that pure, praiseworthy woman you chose to marry while you secretly lust after wicked aggressive women, brings home a sexy woman to share with you? Well, your wife knows all about that fantasy and she asked us to speak with you about it.





"First of all, she wants you to know how the three of us giggle about your silly little fantasies. She says she has so much fun toying with your masturbatory guilt. Of course she knows you do it, she encourages you to do it by withholding sex—and other things. You don't know about the sleep training, did you? She has particular fun with that one. Sometimes, she tells us, she even gets dressed up to do it, putting on long black stockings like these and sexy high pumps and the garter belt she would never wear for you. Then she straddles your cock with a nylon while she holds her soiled panties to your nose. 'Masturbate, you must jerk off for me,' she whimpers in your ear. She knows how to do it 'til you're just on the verge of cumming, and you're moaning and begging for release in your sleep, and then she stops. And you wonder why you wake up with such a raging desire to jerk off! She even whimpers to you about us in your sleep training. And you thought you came up with that fantasy about her and other women all on your own."

"Yes, we know your wife, though the woman we know is a little different from the one you know. The one we know wears stockings and garters, open-toe heels and croch-lux pasties. She frolics around on five inch glossy black patent heels and she eats cunt with a skill and gusto you could only dream of possessing. We met your wife when she answered our personal ad, the one asking for 'Hardcore wife Sex Slave'. She told us how she'd turned you into a masturbatory machine for her own perverse amusement and wanted to share for her sin at the feet of dominant women, the only sex partners she could truly respect."

"We've had so much fun with her. Sometimes we make her kick our shoes clean after a long walk on city streets. Sometimes we take turns fucking her ass with a big black dildo, one that's twice as long and twice as thick as your cock. And she tells you yours is too big to take back there! We even display your wife in public, making her wear short shorts and low cut whorish blouses. She's pulled her skirt up to show her panties cunt to lots of strange men in your town, under our direction. You must have seen some of them giving you strange looks when you were out with her. We know you'll notice from now on."

"All in all, we've had a wonderful time with your wife and we plan to keep using her just as long as it pleases us. Oh, and about your fantasy of you, your wife and another woman? Forget it, we'd never degrade her that much!"







ALEXIS

NO
RUSH





Nothing gets me horny like shopping, especially with your credit cards. Having you be so generous to me, buying me lingerie and stockings at the most expensive boutiques, makes me want to show my gratitude. A little.

"I love the way you look at my feet, especially that longing look when I finally let you see what stockings I have on. That's right, the reinforced ones. The ones that make you act like a fool. Don't worry, that's our secret. I only tell my girlfriends, so go ahead, now I'll let you touch yourself through your pants. It sure looks like you need it. And you've done everything right today—but I still don't know if I'm in the mood. I'm not completely aroused. Should I stop you? No, I'll just caress my ass. Yes, I know it's fine, thank you. Maybe I should wave it back and forth in front of your face. Get a good eyeful while I slowly lower my panties. They look great on me, don't they?"

"You know what happens when my panties come all the way off? I'll let you take out your cock. And maybe, if it stands at attention like a good soldier for a long time, I might take off my shoes and have my feet inspect the troops. I could sit on the couch and you stand before me, and my dark nylon toes could rub smoothly on your balls and creep up and down your shaft. All that could happen. And once your tool has shown its absolute loyalty to me, I could bend over and allow you into my precious snatch. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"



"But I think I might just put my dress on and leave you to jerk off. It's up to me. You wouldn't want that, would you? So let's go slow and do everything I like to do. Don't forget, my favorite thing is to hear how hot I make you. And don't use words—keep groaning like that. I'm starting to get wet. These shoes I bought with your credit card today, aren't they worth every penny? I know you just signed the receipt without looking at them, and that makes me rather annoyed. After all, they're imported from Italy and cost more than your whole wardrobe. Oh, that look of anxiety crossing your face has done the trick. You're turning me on."

"Now I want to take my panties off, but where can I hang them? On your face, maybe? I'll just leave them like that. Do you want to sniff my pussy, or would you rather lick my soles through my stockings? Don't answer right away. We're not in a rush. Why don't you just masturbate while I figure out where you're taking me for dinner?"





(continued from page 7)



I couldn't resist the opening. "I'd be willing to try, if you would give me the chance, Karena. I live alone, so you could come by whenever it's convenient for your 'last' of evening her my business card." In fact, I'll give you the first pedicure free, and if it meets your expectations then we can continue."

Around two that afternoon, my phone rang in the office. "Hello, honey, this is Karena. I'll take my pedicure this evening. I'll be over at seven. Have a bottle of champagne chilled." Click. Did I have a choice?

"Greetings," she said, promptly at seven. "I must tell you, I've been looking forward to this all day. My girlfriends at work are jealous that I have my own personal pedicurist—and a male, at that. Let's not dally—it's time for you to get busy."

I started to say something, but she interrupted. "Rule number one," she said. "Speak only when spoken to—and you will address me as Mistress Karena. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress Karena," I replied. She confidently strode up the stairs in her tight blue jeans, see-through silk blouse unbuttoned to show mega cleavage and sky-high sling back, open-toed heels—a far cry from the prim and proper business suit she had on for work.

"Draw me a small bubble bath, get me a glass of champagne, and remove my shoes," she demanded. I did as I was told, handing her a full, chilled glass and knelt before her to expertly slide the shoes from her feet. "Kiss each," she bellowed, and I pressed my lips to her soles. She looked down approvingly. When the water was about six inches high, she said, "Enough. Now take off your clothes."

I removed my clothing as she stepped over to the dresser, removed a pumice stone from her purse, and stepped into the bathtub. "Get in and give me twenty minutes with the pumice stone. I want my feet

kissably soft. So will you." She took a long, slow sip of champagne and swirled her right foot in the suds and water.

I climbed into the tub, eyes down, and started to work feverishly on her smallish feet, which happened to have impossibly high arches. "Pay particular attention to the heels."

First on the heel, then the ball of her foot, around the toes, the outside of her insteps and finally all over the soles, I scrubbed each foot for ten solid minutes, removing all rough skin. "An adequate job—now get out and dry my feet."

This done, I watched as she walked to the couch in the living room. "More champagne."

I refilled her glass and returned to her. She opened her purse and pulled out a bottle of nail polish remover and some moisturizer.

"Kneel and take off the polish," she ordered. "Then massage each foot for at least half an hour with the lotion. Be sure to warm it in your hands. First, though, bring the phone over here."

I manipulated her feet for the next hour and a half, as she called all of her friends (including some long distance) and described in minute detail to them the services that I was performing for her. Occasionally, she would lightly prod my dick with one foot as I massaged the other, or run her foot over the outline of my body and into my hair. "Kiss each toe as you massage them," she would command me. I did as I was told. "Footsie—more tongue around the arch," she would coo during conversations with her friends. "Yes, I've got him for the whole summer. I might allow him to pedicure your feet next week," she told each of them. "What? Of course, he's *my* pedicurist," she would say just before she hung up, laughing.

Next, I clipped and tied her nails as she watched me intently, ever mindful that I might slip and injure her precious pede, incurring her wrath. This done, I pushed her cuticles back as far as they would go, completing the preliminary phase of her pedicure.

"Refill my glass—it's time for you to polish my toes. Twice, of course." She had selected the same whose red polish that she had made me remove. I lovingly polished each toe—twice. "You should be re-

warded for your hard work," she said. With that, she dipped her freshly painted big toe into the near-empty wine glass and then pressed it to my lips, punctuating her gesture with a throaty laugh. I licked her toe dry without hesitation. This went on for several minutes, as she poured the champagne over different parts of her feet to be obediently lapped off by my eager tongue.

"On second thought, you're not done yet—I want a softer look. Get me some more champagne, then change my toenail color to this pink shade," she purred as she handed me a new color. I went through the whole laborious process again—twice.

"You know," she mused, "this set up has a lot of potential. I could rent you out to my friends and make a killing. With me as your business manager, there are no limits to what I could do with you. Finish my shoes, footsie, and give them a quick shine." I gingerly polished, then placed the shiny shoes back on her feet. "Now, a quick buff." I nimbly ran a chamomile over the pointy toes and sleek sides of the shoes, as she nuzzled her feet in my crotch as I knelt in front of her. Then she pressed the spiked heels against my chest and I even rubbed the sling backs with the cloth. "Are my feet kissably soft?" she wondered.

"Yes, Mistress," I replied. "Prove it," she snapped as she placed one glistening shoe over each of my shoulders. I dutifully lapped at her shoes, tongued the soles clean and covered her now-tender feet with kisses. Several times, she purposely caught my tongue between the exposed silky heel of her foot and her shoe. Each time, she roared laughing.

"Same time, next week—unless I decide that my feet need attention before then. You are to remain at my beck and call," she said. "I'll be bringing two friends on my next visit, so don't make any plans for the evenings. Those girls are even more demanding than I am, if you can believe that. Then again, we might show up on a moment's notice. Maybe one morning before work, if the mood strikes me."

I could tell it was going to be a long, glorious summer.

Sam

CORSETS By Kroll



Photos by Eric Kroll



How many centuries can signify dominance or submission with equal ease? The corset stands alone in this, as every piece of clothing as was ever invented. I'd say it ranks with the ultra high heel in controversy. The corset was conceived entirely as a sex enhancer, yet saw its greatest popularity in a time when sex was most suppressed. In the Victorian era no woman of breeding was marriageable unless she had systematically been deformed into sexual desirability through "corset training." This meant sweating ever tightening corsets day and night, which narrowed her waist by displacing pelvic organs, crushing her ribs and separating her spinal vertebrae. Permanently "yes," there was no turning back for a properly corset trained woman. If she decided to just say no, to loosen her laces and cast off her corset bondage, her upper body would tip over. The whaleboned, satin



and lace tightlacing corset was a life-long commitment by the Victorian woman to the sexual desires of the Victorian man. It's no wonder that turn-of-the-century feminists considered it one of their primary targets.

And yet, for all the suffering and frailty the tightlacing corset created in its willing slaves, it often elevated them in the eyes of men. Men, so often masochistically vulnerable than the frail, at female, saw this awesomely augmented female form as a powerful symbol, a Goddess to be served and worshipped. In its hindrance, the corset elevated its wearer and put man in his role as servant. Physically helpless, the woman was made sexually powerful, an understanding unchanged to this day.



The only person I know of making authentic Victorian tightlacing corsets today is, not surprisingly, a woman, Mistress Antonette of Versatile Fashions out in California. She knows more about dominance and submission and the place of costume in its rituals than most women in this world. Most of these corsets can be had from her, made to order in standard women's or large/large sizes. Squeezing our waist down three, four, five or more inches in one of these sturdy, classic torture tools is an erotic experience not soon to be forgotten. It left its mark

on all our models, who despite the discomfort, couldn't leave the session without each ordering one for herself.

Write to Mistress Antonette for more details.

The address for Versatile Fashions is P.O. Box 1051, Tustin, Ca. 92681, and please send \$5.00 for the catalog.

If you would like to buy beautiful custom photos of corseted women, write Eric Kroll, Box 464, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10017.





A full-page photograph of Martina on a floral patterned sofa. She is wearing a black lace-trimmed top, black stockings, and black heels. She is reclining, looking towards the camera with her hand near her face.

MARTINA

A LITTLE
ROMANCE

A full-page photograph of Martina in a provocative pose on the same floral sofa. She is wearing a black lace-trimmed top, black stockings, and black heels. She is bent over, looking back over her shoulder at the camera.

When it comes to sex, I'll take mine with a little romance. I just love romances; the books you know. I started in with them when I was a teenager, before I 'blossomed' and started getting dates. Those books provided all the passion I could have wanted, and I still prefer them to much of what I've discovered in real life. Seriously, men are so timid in dating. Maybe they're afraid of getting hit with a date rape charge or something, but they sure don't come on like the men in my books.

The books I like best are the ones called 'bodice rippers,' and that's what I'd like to happen to me. I'm very feminine, like the heroines in the books. I wear sexy delicate lingerie and perfume at the back of my knees. I'm always precariously on the brink of spike heels and have what I think is a very vulnerable way about me, so why doesn't some bad creep snap down and abduct me? Oh, how my pussy quivers when I think of strong arms lifting me and throwing me over a brazen shoulder. I'll kick and pound your back with my little feet, but I just know I'll never get away and you'll carry me off to your bedchamber, or a dark deserted warehouse or even a city rooftop. There I'll pant with terror and lust as you tear my flimsy bodice asunder and feast hungrily on my heaving breasts. I'll thrash my legs, so beautifully clad in black silk stockings, held up by delicate garter straps. My hobbling spike heels might fly off in the struggle and I'll point my toes, polished a deep red, as you push my legs apart and slice my gossamer panties with a single stroke of your hunting knife.



Oh, she's good! My most
sensual womanly post! Is laid bare—
The crimson lips swollen and
agorated, the dew of my lust
blatantly wetting them! You pin
my thighs down with your strong
hands, lewdly spreading them so
wide the tendons stand out in my
yearning loins! Then you're on
top of me, unpeeling me on your
cock, spearing me deeply,
completely filling me until I think
I shall split in two! My silly thighs
quack over your flexing buttocks,
my little stockinged feet beating at
the air, protesting or driving you
deeper into me, I don't know any
more! Yes, driving you into me,
because I want you to take me,
fuck me, yes, cum in me!

"Why can't any of them ever do
that? Why do they insist on taking
me to fancy restaurants and
stupid nightclubs?" Can't you see
that I want to be ravished? I don't
want your money, I want my
clothes ripped off and a hard cock
pounding my cunt to a pudding
while my legs wave helplessly in
the air!

"Like I said, a little romance!"



LEG SHOW





PAWN TICKET

**Bitch wife
or cruel mistress
—which could be better?**

By Pat Tunney

My wife, Hillary, was still an attractive woman at forty-seven. We had been married for some twenty years and I still wanted her.

I've always felt lucky to have such a gorgeous wife, even though I've had to work long and hard to provide for her. No matter what I made, over the years, Hillary was always able to spend more. She loved to shop and had closets full of expensive clothes and shoes. But I loved to see her happy, so I never complained. I doubt if it would have done much good.

I'm Harvey. Just a plain guy, probably a little on the boring side, if you know what I mean. I'm serious at work and have never had an office fling or an affair. Hillary and my daughter, Denise, have been all I've worked for over the years.

From our first years of marriage, Hillary had made it very clear that working and making money was my job but that running the house and our one life were strictly under her domain. I went along with this, thrilled to have married such a

strong, stimulating, beautiful woman. When we were married I was just beginning my business career. We had well on an inheritance from my grandfather. This allowed me, at those early years, to buy Hillary the things she wanted.

In a way, I bought sex from her. She would bribe me with her gorgeous body always extracting a promise from me for something expensive to wear or a costly piece of jewelry I couldn't afford to touch her often.

Like the time I hadn't had Hillary for about three months. I was young then and my need for sexual relief was more urgent

One night I asked her, after dinner, if we couldn't retire early and have sex. I reminded her of how long it had been and how much I needed her.

Hillary turned to me and smiled seductively. "Well, if it's been that long, Harvey, you must really need me rather frantically, darling."

"I do, honey, really bad," I admitted.

"Mmmm, well, Harvey," she said seductively, "to get me in the mood, you could promise to buy me that nice diamond necklace I've been wanting."

I followed her into the bedroom. "Honey, I told you I couldn't afford it right now."

She stood there and removed her blouse. Then she unbuttoned her skirt and let it drop to the floor. She hurried and unbuttoned her bra and rubbed her breasts. I couldn't take my eyes off of her. She wore only black panties, thigh-high stockings, and her black high heels.

I began to breathe harder and spooned an erection. I suspected she knew the effect she was having on me from the smile on her lovely face.

"Damn, honey," I whined, "do I have to buy sex from you all the time?"

"Of course not, Harvey," she said, licking her lips, "but you must want me pretty bad after three months."

"Jesus, baby, I do! I need you now—tonight!" I moved toward her. When I was close she pulled me to her and gave me a deep, tongue-lashing kiss.

"Buy me the necklace, lover," she hissed, inserting her pelvis against my hard on.

Hillary removed her panties and climbed onto the bed. Slowly she spread her legs. I moved toward her, stripping off my clothes. Naked, I crawled between her legs. "I'll buy you the necklace, Hillary," I mumbled as my mouth moved onto her soft, moist cunt.

When she was properly prepared I was allowed to fuck her. But it had been so long since I had done it, and I was so hot, that I came much too soon. Hillary just smiled and pushed me away. The following afternoon I brought the elegant, expensive, diamond necklace home to her.

Then, three years ago, I was beaten out of a big promotion where I work. It was given to a younger man. Hillary had given me a bunch of hell. I tried to explain that the young guy was related to the president and I never really had chance. This did not appease her.

Our daughter had just left for college and Hillary insisted that I move into her bedroom. "Honey," I pleaded, "you don't mean that?"

"I mean it, Harvey," she'd told me harshly, "and don't expect much else from me, either."

This was a stunning shock. But she gave me absolutely no choice. The following day she began removing our daughter's things and redecorating the bedroom.

From that night on, I had only occasional sex with Hillary. But sometimes, if

**"Thank God,
most of the
time I serviced
her properly!"**

I begged enough, she would allow me in to her bedroom. I usually had to settle with eating her pussy. I enjoyed this, but I missed intercourse, too, at the same time.

"Please, Hillary," I would whisper, "let me come into bed with you. It's been so long."

"Alright!"
"It's been two months, honey. Please!"
Hillary struggled. "Alright, but don't take all night. You'll pleasure me as usual and you'll better get me off before I get too sleepy."

I always rushed when I finally crawled between her lovely legs. I would cut her ass with her always with a razor of pain. Hillary wasn't easy to get off, and once in a while she'd just push me away. Thank God, most of the time she'd keep her pussy properly. Those times she would writhe around and cum in my eager mouth. I was pleased at satisfying her. Even though I would go back to my bedroom still frustrated.

Last year Hillary took a part time job a few afternoons and some evenings during research for some professor. By now, I was glad to have her out of the house, and she could spend her extra money on clothes.

One night, when she was out, I was in my bedroom having one last cigarette before going to bed. The room was dark and I walked to the window. I looked out at the wing of our apartment building opposite us.

Directly across from me I saw a young woman walk by her bedroom window. She wore nothing but a pair of panties. I have never seen a woman like that. I was suddenly glad to see the window. Soon she appeared again, this time with another girl. They kissed and climbed onto the bed. I could still see them from the glow of the bedroom light. I watched as they began to make love together.

I was more aroused than I'd been in years and was disappointed when they finally switched off the light. Just then I heard Hillary come home. I waited a few minutes, then knocked on her bedroom door. She told me to come in.

I was so horny I begged to have sex with her. Hillary laughed and told me to forget it. She pushed me away, telling me she was tired. I went back to my bedroom and checked the window. The lights were out across the way. I got in bed, frustrated, as I had so many nights before. I had a hell of a time going to sleep thinking about the girls across the way.

Many nights after that, while Hillary was out, I watched the girls. They shared the apartment and the beds. They were gorgeous but got angry easily. Still, for watching, they were terrific! Almost always, after coming home from work, the girls would slip out of their clothes and run around half naked. Sometimes I couldn't help but touch them.

At the office I began to think about the girls and for the first time thought about

"My cock exploded as Vicki ordered me to suck her toes."

going out with a hooker. I had to do something. My isolation from Hillary suddenly bothered me more intensely since watching my beautiful neighbors.

Twice, I met one of the girls going up in the elevator. She always kept her group and I couldn't help staring at her. Her name was Vicki. She dressed so sexy, yet I always thought of her in her panties or naked. She must have thought I was weird.

One night, when I had to work late, I came into the apartment and coffee to Hillary. She was on the phone in her bedroom and didn't hear me come in. I went by the door and saw her. I didn't want to listen but I heard her laughing as she told one of her girlfriends how stupid I was, thinking she was working all the time. I got nearer the door. She continued to tell her friend about meeting and sleeping with at least two or three men each week. And how, after she had sex with them, she would come home and tell "that stupid Harvey" to stay away from her.

I went back into the living room and poured myself a strong drink. Damn! I didn't know what to do or say. I just couldn't lose Hillary now, not after all these years. I said nothing.

A few days after hearing of my wife's indiscretions, I was again riding up on the elevator with the girl across the way. We began talking about the weather and she asked me to take her home. I would come to her apartment to help her move a small table, she would give me a drink.

Inside her apartment she took off her coat and hung it up. She looked fabulous. She quickly closed the small table and I carried it to where she wanted it across the room. She made me a drink and poured me on the couch. I almost choked when she slowly crossed her long legs. I caught a glimpse of her light blue panties.

Vicki had a cigarette while she calmly told me that she and her roommate, Helen, had seen me watching them sometimes from any window across the way. I almost shat. God, I was embarrassed. Vicki said that she didn't mind but that Helen thought I was some kind of an old pervert.

Vicki laughed and looked directly at me. She smiled and told me that she liked old perverts. They were sweet, kind and generous. Then she licked off a high-heeled shoe and rubbed my leg. I knew I could barely breathe. She kept smiling as

she held the sexy, stockinged foot up before my face. Softly but firmly, the gorgeous young woman ordered me to kiss her foot.

I sat still, so paralyzed. She rubbed the textured, nylon encased foot against my cheek and then to my lips. I tightly kissed her slender foot.

She was saying quietly, "Mmmmm, yes, Harvey. Wipeup my pretty, sexy foot!" Suddenly I was in love with Vicki's foot. I kissed it all over, and when she told me to lick it, I did. I was wildly aroused, and my cock exploded as she ordered me to suck her toes.

I was told to put her shoe back on. Vicki pulled up her skirt and spread her lovely stockinged legs. She told me I could worship her sweet, tender pussy for a price. I asked her how much, and I was suddenly bringing out my billfold and handing her a hundred dollars. She took it and rubbed it against her cunt. Then she held it up to my mouth and told me, "Kiss it goodbye, honey."

I did, as she removed her panties. "Come, my slave," she breathed. "Worship my cunt and give me pleasure!" I saw her wildly forgetting the fact that this was my first infidelity in my married life. Hillary was doing the same thing. I almost fainted when Vicki began coming in my mouth.

I watched up and burned home to Hillary. I arrived just as she was leaving. That was a break. I watched her close the door, knowing that she was off to meet another man.

I went into the bedroom and hurried to the window. I could see Vicki on the bed. She came to the window and stood there rubbing her cunt and giving her lips. Then she waved and walked away. She turned out the light as she got into bed.

The next day I knocked on Vicki's door after work. She opened it and let me in. She wore a thin black nightgown, dark high-high heels, and shiny black high heels. I fell to my knees and begged her legs.

Vicki pushed me away and told me to crawl after her as she walked to the couch. She stood and told me to lick her high heels clean with my tongue. Eagerly I obeyed her. After being satisfied with my tongue cleaning, she sat on the couch. I was commanded to remove her shoes and worship her stockinged feet. I gave it my best effort. They smelled delicious.

Then Vicki spread her legs. She was naked above her knees and again I stared at her beautiful, seductive crotch. I removed her stockings and handed her a hundred dollar bill. She took it, laughing softly, and again rubbed it over my pussy lips. When she held it out, I kissed the bill goodbye as before. Then she pulled me down to service her. I consented, and she kissed her own little clit for all I was worth.

Vicki began moaning as she came in my mouth. I had just finished it and was still aroused.

(continued on page 88)



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YVONNE:

Don't Be Shy





Why are so many foot fetishists in the closet? Do you men really think it's so rare, he hasn't a thing for feet? Just about every guy I ever got close to ended up confessing, usually in a really apologetic way, that he wanted to take a peek at my feet. And each acted like he was the first man in the world to ever think of it. You poor devils! When I think back on some of the tricks you men have used with me to get close to my feet it makes me want to laugh. Or cry. You put yourselves through so much torture, so much self-hatred over something so trivial! But then I know there are a lot of handsome, upright women out there. No matter how good it feels to them to have you groveling at their feet, bathing their sensitive toes in your warm, passionate mouth, they can't get past the conviction that it's unnatural, just like a woman on top in fucking was unnatural fifty years ago and a man eating cunt was unnatural twenty-five years ago. What is truly unnatural is a culture that refuses to accept a safe, simple mutual pleasure. Like these tilly women. *Ask them how long it's been since some men sucked their balls and they liked it. This is a sin! I say a sin is denying yourself and everyone around you happiness, passing judgement on them like you're some kind of god. If it was wrong to stick back the old be some horrible natural consequence, to it like "disgusting" and so far as I know there's not a thing you can catch from a steady, clean foot.*



Two devils - let to bring shy guys out of the foot closet. One man who was always finding little ways to get close to my feet became my person. I pedicurist, a pedicure about the pumice stone, cotton balls, and polish one day, and told him he was going to give me a little more a good polishing and I didn't want any argument. I made him blow on my nails to dry the polish and by the time he'd blow-dried these cute little toes, we were so close to my toes it took only a little nudging against his thigh to get him to pop it up for the deep toe sucking he craved.

A week later with another man I find he'd reversed himself in the bed and was now shy clapping my feet to his face. He was being so sneaky, trying not to wake me, so I kept up the pretense of being asleep. To help him along, though, I pointed my toes and gently rubbed my feet against his face, pretending to be restlessly rearranging myself. When I felt his hard cock nestled against my buttocks I squirmed a bit more, working it deeper into my ass cleft. Oh, he had a great time then, furiously bumping my buttcrack while enjoying my feet to the fullest. Meanwhile I had a hand on my clit and brought myself to a delightful orgasm fueled by his sole lapping.

Both these men eventually confessed their foot love to me, encouraged by my accepting attitude. It's just a shame so many are so shy. I'd help you if you just give me a clue, man, so don't be afraid to try!







Alinari

I picked up the brochure and read...
 Does your husband or boyfriend like your secret feet? Do you like to tease him with dangling piglets and sexy, scented feet? Would you like to have other men worship your secret feet and adore while your sexy legs ooze? Would you enjoy watching your gay love other women's feet? Would you like to tease your gay to distraction and make him earn your delicious feet and the feet of other girls? Join the FOOTBALL CLUB and make your neighbors jealous.

The brunette with the control said, "We've got a new member here to observe your torment. Say hello!" I stammered as the man smiled and greeted me. "Oh, I'm not a new member. I'm a reporter here to do a story on your organization."
 "Oh, the girl from LEG SHOW. Hi, I'm Robyn," she said as she extended her hand. "and this is Tammy," she continued as she indicated the short haired brunette next to her.

monster prick with my sexy electronic vibrator. My last began to mount, but after only a minute or so I relinquished the control to Robyn. Finally I noticed that the second man had a similar device on his prick as well, then I was startled to realize by the petite brunette's voice.
 "Trenty new vibrator, huh Jennifer? Robyn designed and built it. She's an electrical engineer. In fact she works with a lot of the male members of our club at the Apex Company." I could hear an obvious

THE FOOTBALL CLUB

They Play by Women's Rules

By Jennifer Daniels

After reading the brochure I strolled into the next room. Two men were kneeling and naked on the carpeted floor and attended by two young women. The men's hands were behind their erect backs and their hands were grasping their ankles. Both had erections, their heads jutting out at an obscene 45 degree angle, proudly displayed and infinitely vulnerable in this position. One man stood out.

His prick was almost a foot long and as thick as my forearm. It reminded me of the thick, fern summer sausages you find in the supermarket during holiday times. The taller, yet still petite, woman was focused on the monstrous prick which had some sort of device attached to it. It was a thin black rubberized cylinder about two inches long, open at both ends and was installed just below the head of the erect prick. The brunette held an electronic gadget, that she fiddled with while watching the man. Upon closer inspection I found that it was a wireless remote keyed to the black object on the man's prick. As the girl pushed on the buttons the cylinder on the man's prick would vibrate, pleasuring his prick. A remote control cock vibrator!

The second girl, a petite short haired brunette no more than five foot tall, held a woman's pink pump to the second man's face, but her attention was focused on the larger man and the other girl, a free foot three inch, long haired brunette. Each time the taller girl twitched her hand holding the remote control, the big man's prick quivered and thrumbed as its position 45 degrees to his body.

"You love that, don't you, pervert?" She spoke in a voice more sweet than harsh as she continued to tap the trembling cock as frequently about once a second.

"Yes, ladies! Tease me, tempt my cock! I love it! I've endured enough. Just let me have a taste of your feet in return for my marry pleasure!"

"Hi, my name is Jennifer Daniels."
 "Well Ms. Daniels, why don't you get some first hand experience as to what goes on here?" she said as she offered me the control.
 "Oh, I'm just here to observe. I couldn't get involved."

"He shot his load all over her soft nylon soles!"

"What better way to know our group than to experience our activities. Go on, take this control and give Harold a few teasing vibes. He loves having a girl tease him. I'm sure he'll like it from you. He loves beautiful girls, especially when they dress in men's and spicy pumps like yours. Go on."

Pushing caution to the wind, I took the control and looked at the man. He stared at me and grinned and I saw his monster test twitch as if reacting to me. The control panel had the usual speed buttons, and I pressed fast. Then Med. I found that had to keep pressing on the buttons on the machine went automatically to the Off position.

My vision sucked in a great gulp of air and my big prick quivered as I pressed the Med button. The device was obviously providing great pleasure to the man, but I was more surprised at my own feelings as I watched him kneeling as erect as his body would allow. His gaze was riveted to my legs and there and I began shifting my feet slightly, controlling the movement of his eyes. I felt a power, I was in control of the man. Perspiration broke out under my arms and I could feel a moisture between my legs. I was enjoying teasing this

adoration of Robyn in Tammy's voice as she continued explaining. "Right now Robyn's only got the two devices you see here. They can be controlled simultaneously or separately from the same remote." Robyn handed the petite short haired girl asked, "Can I now, Robyn? Please?"
 "Sure, kid. Go for it," Robyn told her partner.

Tammy grabbed the hem of her black tube dress and pulled it above her hips revealing the tops of her dark stockings and her hairy patch. She knelt with her back to the large kneeling man and scooted backward to bring the man's cock up to her moist slit.

"It's it an, Robyn?" she breathed. "I'll scoot back control. Just put the head at my cunt? Quickly!"

With Robyn's assistance, the board-stiff monster tool began to disappear into her hole and the tiny girl began to fuck herself on the kneeling man's prick, taking it, still fitted with the vibrator cylinder, ever deeper and deeper inside her body. She took eight inches, but that was her limit. She was totally stuffed with his staff, thick rod.

"Isn't that cute Bill?" Robyn asked as she knelt and stroked the man's prick at the second man. I'd practically forgotten him. Now focusing, I saw that Bill was staring intently at the moans coupling going on right in front of his eyes. He seemed as he watched an erotic and rampant prick at the second man.

Then looking at me, Robyn said, "Bill here is Tammy's husband. Tammy loves big cock! You wouldn't think that a girl as tiny could take so much of a monster prick like that, would you?" Bill then gave you peace."

Tammy had a rhythm going now and was taking eight inches with slow, calculated strokes. I could hear the slapping noises as the couple fucked on the floor in front of me.

"I'm love to watch your tiny wife ample herself on a measure pink like that, huh?" "Your pink goes you away," His HARDY and she stroked it with her bright red fingernails.

"Oh, because, of course, that your wife doesn't even know that man's name. She's impaled herself on his big prick, and doesn't even care who he is. She just wants that cock in her! She's fucking a stranger right in front of you. Does that piss you off?"

"No! I love to watch Tammy fuck her men!" he breathed as Robyn begged his prick. "Fuck her, Mister Jack my wife hard!"

Then turning again to the coupled people on the floor, Robyn ordered, "Don't you dare cum inside my wife's body! You make her cum, but hold back your own juice. Your prick is just a tool for us girls to enjoy and we want it hard!"

Hermy then was like a catalyst to Tammy and she began to writ as her orgasm thundered through her gut, her small frame trembling as she got her release. Her head slumped to the floor as the crowd now fully satiated.

Her partner was leaning near and left. His breathing was heavy and his compact prick was pointing to the ceiling, bobbing up and down in blood spunged through the big veins. "Now, covered with the slick, shiny juice of Tammy's cunt, and it glinted in the lights of the overhead fixtures."

"Looks like you gave her a good fucking, Harold!" Robyn spoke as she pulled up a basket of dogfood and began to feed her across her right leg over her left. "To her's your reward," she said as she slipped her bare right leg from her black, leather foot pump and rubbed her bare toes across his lips.

"Oh, Robyn! Robyn! This is delicious! Your cock smells so great and tastes like candy! I need to cum, Robyn! Please let me cum!"

"Sure," since Harold gave you such a nice fucking, why don't you let him fuck your feet?"

Tammy agreed and lay down in front of him on her tummy and closed her eyes. She turned to a position where she could see the man's huge prick between her soft soles. She began to rub the foot between her nylon covered feet. His orgasm looked like a cannon shot. Spem landed on the back of Tammy's head and soaked her soft brown curls. The remaining sperm crawled from her nose and down until the last remains dribbled out and ran down to coat her soft nylon covered toes and soles.

As Tammy rose, Robyn told her not to wipe any of the stuff off her feet. "Just slip your soaked feet into your pumps and make 'em feel the guys, uh, clean up your act!" "I wondered why these guys pumping got to be," The words came from a petite, brown haired girl who stood in the room in her bare feet. She was dressed in a pair of black cotton panties and a matching form

fitting tank top. The thin material emphasized the perpetual erection of her nipples.

"I dragged them here when a pervert talked me into going in the other room with him to let him lick the sweet and dirty off my little feet. I see they've been put to good use."

"Oh, Stanny," voiced Robyn enthusiastically as she greeted the newcomer. "Wah! I knew those were your pumps! You're the only girl around here that has a foot small enough to fit into a size five shoe. We've got a husband here who just watched his wife get fucked by this stanger with the big prick. We've been stuffing their noses into your pumps to keep their pricks in shape!"

"I'm so hot and my husband here who just saw her feet! You like my feet, big? Like smelling the inside of my little shoes?" "Oh, yessssssss, man!" Her shoes smell great and I've never seen such tiny feet before. Please let me lick them and let me cum! I need to squirt!"

"Oh, I don't think giving you permission to cum is my privilege. Looks like Robyn is in charge and she's going to let me pump cock to death. Anyway, don't you think you can hold on a bit longer? After all, this is the Foot-Ball Club. You're here because you love our feet and are willing to trade your hardnoses for the privilege of licking our sweet giant feet, and you know the rules. If you can hold off your orgasm through all our teasing then later you get to suck our soled feet and fuck us. You too early and you go home early!" - It emphasized her point by giggling and winking over and stroked his prick, causing it to bob up and down as precum bubbled out the tip. "By the way, the small inside your nose is not my delicious treat. At least a dozen of us girls sprayed their spunk in there, pervert!"

Robyn perked up. "Go ahead, take them with him Stanny!" Stanny snickered, glanced at Robyn. "Well, I'm certainly going to rub my foot on letting him empty his nose. You know how whiney they get after we let them squirt. The pervert that licked my feet clean a while ago is still in torment! I just put him in his shoes and he's still crying!"

Tammy, puzzled, asked, "Bull whaddy? You girls have a golf course in here?"

Robyn grinned at Stanny. "Tammy's here for the first time tonight!" "Well Tammy," Robyn said, "Step next door and take a look!"

The brown haired girl slipped out the door to check it out. Fully in the interest of journalism, I followed along. We found a pair of tiny feet sticking out from under a pair of fingers interlaced behind him. Crouched behind his legs was a gorgeous long haired young blond girl and she was licking, sucking and fondling the man's giant foot. She had her rampant prick bobbing above her head.

Returning to the front room Tammy and I listened to Robyn further explain. "The girl in there is what we call the ball washer

Her named is Susan and she simply adores sucking a man's nuts. She's so strikingly beautiful that the guys are totally stimulated as they watch her slurping at their balls. She can't get enough of them. She's pretty much satiated so we use her for passive stimulation of the penis."

"You call all the men perverts?" I asked. Stanny answered. "Eh, but it's with affection. Most of the men and women who belong to the club are married and very happily married. And the men are all lovers of female feet and we've known that catering to their needs will keep our relationship strong. Tempting their nuts and cocks and humdruming them to cum is a lot easier than making the men and we girls enjoy leading them our hot, sweaty feet and shoes. We never physically lead them. This restaurant is purely voluntary and to much more erotic. The man you see in the other room in the ball washer is my husband. He'll lick her bare toes to watch other men fuck me. Some of the girls let their husbands fuck their nuts. Some use a double standard, like my hubby and I'll let him pump cock into his nose and prick, even watch him lick their feet and toes, but when his prick gets sucked or licked, it's only by me!"

"Ladies!" screamed Tammy's husband Bill. "I'm dyin' here! Can't you see my prick is ready to explode! Let me cum, please!"

"We'll let you cum when we're ready!" Robyn sternly responded. "We're talking to you Harold and you Stanny and Susan!" "Jennifer here is writing a story about us for LEG: SHOW Magazine. She'd probably like to know how you got involved in this scene."

Stanny did and said, "We put on a magazine called Harold's a copy on the table. Take a look." She handed me a seersucker magazine with an ad circled. The ad had these words of Stanny, dressed nicely, but not showing her face. I read aloud, "I'm married and I'm a virgin. I need a cock to suck. Simple, normal, hard cock men would be most helpful in pleasing her. Must not be shy or in a hurry. Also to recent I had a fucking and I'd like to have it again."

"I'm married and I'm a virgin. I need a cock to suck. Simple, normal, hard cock men would be most helpful in pleasing her. Must not be shy or in a hurry. Also to recent I had a fucking and I'd like to have it again."

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to others that females can be capable of orgasms and lubrication without losing their sexuality as women. She's one of the few single members of our club. Speaking of clubs, I see Harold is rising to the occasion again as he slurps on your foot, Robyn!" Stanny placed her bare foot in front of his eyes and closed his tiny toes as the man licked Robyn's sole.

"Help yourself Stanny," Robyn uttered. Turning now to Harold, Stanny purred. "Like to lick my tiny foot, Harold?" "Yesssss, Mдам!"

"You have to cut it. To cut the right to lick my feet you have to let me tease your cock and nuts and then you're got to fuck me!"

"Yes, yes, Stanny!" "Hey! What about me?" screamed Bill. "Later! I promise," Stanny sternly uttered and she took the remote control and electrically stimulated Bill's neck hard prick.

Using the control on all speeds and occasionally stroking his rod with her bare foot she brought the man to near exhaustion as he fought his desires to cum.

"Oh, God!" screamed Bill as the vibrator manipulated his prick.

"Sorry Bill, but Harold has much more to offer me. About twice as much as a matter of fact. She just let me control down, and she rubbed my cock across his lips."

giggled and grabbed Harold's testicles and fondled them. "Wonder if one of you ladies would go and get my husband. I know he'll like to watch."

Stanny walked over and returned a minute later leading the naked man. I'd seen in the next room in the ball washer. His hands were still clasped behind him. Susan, the ball washer, remained behind, I assumed, to get a good look at the man.

"Hi, Harold!" smiled Stanny as she made the introductions, then asked him, "Would you like to watch big Harold fuck me, Harold?"

"Oh, yes," answered Stanny. "Then I give you permission to jerk yourself off while I pleasure myself with Harold here." Then turning to Harold and fondling his back again she asked him, "And I doing a good Harold?"

"Oh, yes, Mдам! I love my nuts manipulated by a beautiful woman!"

Stoking and gently squeezing his nut sack, she grinned as he became more erect. "OOOOOOOOOOHHHHHH, God! It feels great!"

"It's supposed to! Why? Want me to stop?" "No, no, see? It's made my prick full hard. Let me fuck you now and then I can lick these feet, please!"

Agreeing, she stopped and lay back on a pallet on the floor, spreading her soft legs and stroking her red rimmed cunt. "Get over here and fuck me. I need. Fuck me!"

Stanny peeked around and up at her husband. "Look, Harold, I've got a foot of cum in me!"

Stanny spoke to Harold as she stood over the couple making love. "Fuck her, my wife, please! Give it to her! Na! her pretty butt to that mattress!"

Soon Stanny began to cum like she'd never cum before. Harold kept stroking her, his hand on her cunt and he told the women gave him permission. But he was so close.

Stanny saw this and she backwards slipping the throbbing tool from her twat. Kneeling next to the man on the knees she screamed, "Quick, a girl shoot. Jammy knut beside the pallet and hold her bush fondled to a creamy orgasm as Harold's big hand manipulated her crotch."

Stanny held her prick to orgasm while watching his wife get perked, but poor Bill. Bill would have and hotter than mine. I seemed to be the only one concerned about him.

"Stanny!" he cried out. "Please let me cum now!" Then directing his pleas to his wife, "Tammy, please let me cum!"

"I loaned you to Robyn. You know the rules. It's her prerogative as to when you squirt. Sorry, Harold."

Robyn, hearing this, walked over to Bill and knelt down in front of him. She reached her hands out and fondled the erect, tight, arched package of his dick and balls. He strained his head back and groaned as her soft hands kneaded the erotic bundle.

"Bill!" she purred. "Let me cum if you'll do something for me."

Then reaching over for my shoes lying on the floor, "Thank you has ended up with a pair of very solid shoes. Harold pumped what looks like a half pint of cream all over her pretty little pumps. I want you to lick them clean for her!"

"Oh, Robyn, that's another matter! She's offered us their shoes. Let's look at the offered shoes, dripping with white cream. Robyn stroked his member sensuously. "Oh, kid I'll do it!"

Robyn held my supping pumps at his face and he delicately began licking them. "Get your tongue inside them as well, Bill. That's it! Don't they smell great?"

"Oh, Robyn! This was humiliating. The foot smell is great, but this sperm is too much. Please let me lick them clean!" But Robyn was firm and he licked them until they sparkled with his saliva and were cleaned of all traces of sperm.

"Good boy!" said Robyn. "You have my permission to ask any of the girls here to get you off in whatever manner you want. I'm not saying they'll do it, but you can ask."

Looking around the room his eyes settled onto one of the girls.

"I want her! I want Stanny to do what she says in her magazine ad. I want to watch her lick my nuts and take my cock down her throat. She's so pretty, so my cock is ready. I loved her hair, but she's blonde hair and after that humiliation, don't I deserve it?"

Stanny walked over to him. "I'll suck you until you're ready to cum and let you squirt, Harold."

Agreeing to this, Bill watched as Stanny knelt and extended her pink tongue to lick the man's big balls as she held his stone prick in her tiny hand. She then moved to his testicles and took every inch to the base at one gulp.

"Oh, God!" gasped Bill as he watched. Then glancing at his wife, "Tammy, look! She's taking every inch of my meat inside her mouth and she's not wellhead. "Stanny! I'm close to squirting!"

"Cum in my pretty red hot, pervert! Suck my curls!"

"Here it comes, Stanny!"

The stoned Harold stood out of her mouth again and layed it alongside her face as it began to squirt.

"Oh, God, Stanny! I'm cumming in your hair. Stroke me, stroke me! Empty me in your pretty hair!"

Stanny fondled his nuts and stroked his meat getting every drop out of him. Bill slumped down in his kneeling position. His wife Tammy lay down and moved her head to his crotch and licked the spuds as she gently fondled his nut sack.

I filed this report with the magazine and needless to say, my husband and I saw the newest members of the Foot-Ball Club. Stanny and Susan have even taken our husbands out and publicly and discreetly tormented them while they were wearing the remote cock vibrators hidden under their clothes. But that's another story.

BETHANY

WHITE'S
SO
RIGHT



Tell me, do you like white, Mister? Little white bunny socks, so clean and innocent on tiny size 8s feet? And how about white cotton panties, the kind real girls wear under their short summer skirts? You wouldn't be one of those older guys who hang around the campus green straining their eyes when girls like me lounge on the grass, would you? Oh, I know you guys! You with your thinning hair and your little pot bellies, starting to go to seed even though you're making so much money in your old executive job. Your wife is real fashionable, I'll bet, but she doesn't have a butt like mine, does she? Her thighs aren't firm and sprangy like mine with a soft light down of girl-fuzz that's so blonde and silky she doesn't even have to shave it off. If your old wife lay on her tummy in the grass and pushed her butt up in the air would the cheeks stand up like round jiggly scoops of jelly? I'll bet it wouldn't or you wouldn't be so interested in staring at my plump little ass with your tongue hanging out that way and with such a yumm-my big bulge in your pants.

You know, it turns me on to see you get so excited about my firm young thighs and my round little butt, especially knowing that it's a total sin for you to be looking after a girl like me when you have a wedding ring on your finger. What would his wife think if she saw him staring up my skirt? I think as I spread my legs a little wider while I lie in the grass between classes—you might remember that I'm a medical student from my last appearance in LEG SHOW. I can feel that my panties have snuggled up into the crack of my ass and I know you can see just about all my ass cheeks now as I spread my legs wider and the breeze lifts the hem of my little skirt higher still. I kick off my tiny Keds sneakers and spread and curl my toes in my white socks. Mmmm, it feels so good, almost as good as having your eyes glued to them, sensing how hard your penis is now. I really like it when you play with your penis through your pants. 'Oh, shoot,' I say in my mind. 'Please shoot your goo all over your shorts, Mr. Businessman. Can't you see how damp my white cotton panty crotch is getting? It almost feels like you've already cum on my panty crotch, it's so wet. Please shoot for me now before I cum myself right here in the grass!'

'Mmmm, did that make you mess yourself? Well, I'll just slip off my white cotton panties and wipe the mess up with it. Then you can take my panties home with you to remember me by. Oh, and I could use a nice contribution to my education fund, by the way, since I'm so young and poor and you're so old and rich. And we wouldn't want your wife to find out about you and me and my white cotton panties, would we? Hee hee!'







SOPHIA

Woman's Strength



You all know Kellie Everts don't you? She's appeared in *LEG SHOW* a few times. She makes some really nasty videos, which she's most famous for, but she also has a very special understanding in spiritual matters. She said that God came to her and took her to purgatory and showed her an image of a woman. This woman was the strong woman who was to lead humankind back to a new way of life. She had powerful legs, because as Kellie was told, legs represent a woman's firm contact with the earth and earthly pleasures, but she also had hair on her legs. Kellie questioned why the woman was so hairy and was told that hair represents a woman's strength and shaving her hair off, as most women do, was a custom instituted by men to strip woman of her power over them and keep her in line. That struck a nerve in me and I haven't shaved a hair on my body since hearing that.

"Not all men can handle my very hairy legs, cunt, ass and armpits. I was shocked myself at how much hair I had after so many years of shaving, but I'm also very turned on by my own hair. It's not at all coarse, but feels like fine soft satin to me. I love to run my hands up the crack of my ass when I masturbate and tangle my fingers in the moist tendrils. I can

actually twine my fingers in the hair so that I can pull my cheeks apart by it. That's when I long for a face to engulf in my pungent, sweaty crack. Having more hair means having more scent, and the smell of my own ass drives me wild with lust. If you've never had the balls to bury your face in a chick's ass you may think it smells like shit back there. That isn't the case. Ass smells like cunt, but infinitely better. It has all the sweet hormonal tang of pussy, but with an extra salty, heady smell that's as primal as sex gets. I'd love to squat over you on my powerful, hairy legs and lower my ass to within an inch of your nose. Yes, I'd expect you to snake out your tongue and part the thick forest surrounding my brown pucker. As soon as I felt your hot wet tongue on my asshole I'd lower myself all the way, forcing my hole to open around your erect, probing mouth ass-de. My strong cheeks will clamp over your face, embracing you, consuming you, as I bring myself off on your nose and in your mouth. You'll be bathed in my powerful womanly scent, which I'll probably find so compelling I'll have to help you lick it off your face, while I jack you off between my strong hairy thighs.

"Yeah, I know a woman like me takes some getting used to, but once you feel the power, baby, I don't think you're going to go back to the wimpy weaklings."





PAWN TICKET

(continued from page 62)

ting before her on the floor as her roommate came in. She looked at me and slanted the front door shut. She threw out her coat and walked over to stand over me.

"My God, Vicki," she yelled. "This is that pornoed old bastard who's been going on us. What the hell is going on?"

"This is Harvey, my new foot slave," Vicki said calmly.

Helen showed nothing but disgust for me. "Well, if you have to have your playthings... but I want nothing to do with this."

I felt like the old fool I was as I watched Vicki's roomy walk into the bedroom and slam the door.

"Don't worry about her, honey," Vicki told me. "I can handle her. She lets me do what I want, with a little caressing."

"That sounded familiar. But I didn't know, anyway. I wanted Vicki to be happy. She was young and vicious and I needed someone besides Harvey now."

Vicki sent me home, but we made another date. I went to my apartment and another morning session. That night the girls kept the lights out and Hilary came home late.

Hilary went out the next afternoon to meet one of her lovers. She met him at a motel room and, after sex, took the money and left. She was excited. All the time she had been seeing men, they were paying her. She had saved every penny she had earned. She had been paying it all on an expensive sable coat she owned. Now she had enough for the final installment.

Hilary paid for the coat. She insisted that it be wrapped in plain brown paper. She knew that if she came home with this expensive coat she would have to explain where she got it. Hilary had a plan all worked out. Her dumb fucking husband was so stupid he would never catch on!

She planned on paying the coat, then telling Harvey that she had found this pawn ticket on her way home from work. She would give him the ticket and tell him to stop at the pawn shop to pick up whatever it was and bring it home. Maybe it would be something of value, maybe not.

Hilary pawned the package. Then she hurried home. Later, when Harvey came home from the office, she told him about the found ticket, gave it to him, and told him to stop off and get whatever it was the next day on his way home from work.

The following day Hilary couldn't wait for her dumb husband to get off work and get his own home. God! She had saved so long for the coat and the wanted to put it on and feel the luxury for her mind her and see herself in the full-length mirror

"Vicki made me crawl after her nyloned legs as she walked."

I was only a few minutes late getting out of the office. I took a cab directly to the pawn shop. I got this plain brown wrapped package as Hilary had instructed me and walked the short way to the apartment. As I neared the building, I saw Vicki coming home. I hadn't seen her in a few days, and she looked stunning. In the elevator she moved close to me and kissed me fully on the mouth. She smiled and winked at me. "What's in the package, honey, a present for me?"

"Ah, no, not really," I said. "Actually, I don't know. Yesterday, my wife found this pawn ticket on her way home from work. She gave it to me and packed up this box."

"Mmm, so neither of you knows what's in the box," Vicki said quietly. "No," I told her.

She grabbed my arm and whispered softly in my ear. "I want you to come up with my place while before you go home."

"I can't, Vicki," I told her. "My wife is waiting for me."

"Piss on her, Harvey!" Vicki told me forcefully. "You've told me what bitch she is. Let her fuck! Well! I'm your mistress now, Harvey, and you're my pussy whipped slave, my helpless little toady!"

"You're right, Miss Vicki."

Inside Vicki's apartment, she gave me a drink on the couch. She went to the kitchen table and carefully began untying the string and taking the paper from the package.

I heard her and went into the kitchen. "What are you doing?"

"Don't worry, honey," Vicki proceeded. "No one knows what's in the—oh, my God! Look, baby! It's a gorgeous sable coat!"

Vicki pulled it out of the box. "Hold it, baby!"

Before I could say anything, Vicki was taking off her dress. She tossed off her bra and panties. She stood before me, smiling, wearing only her black garter belt, dark nylon, and black heels.

I couldn't resist stepping the coat on her. She held it tightly around her. Then she came to me, opened it, and enticed us both in it.

"I won't, my slave," she whispered kissing me with lots of tongue and rubbing against me.

"What about Hilary?"

"She'll never know, baby," Vicki told me and went to her closet. She took out an old dirty coat of hers. She came back to the

kitchen table and carefully wrapped up her old coat in the box. She had the string just like it had been.

Then she guided me into the living room. She told me to undress. When I was naked she pushed me down to the couch and massaged me. We fucked, enveloped in the soft sable coat. It was fantastic!

We finished just as Helen walked in on us. I quickly dressed. Vicki told her roomy that I had just given her this fabulous coat. "Isn't it just fantastic?"

Helen looked at me, at Vicki, and at the coat. "It really is something. I'm sorry, Harvey. I guess I had you all wrong. You're a sweet, generous, wonderful old person, and for a present like that you can worship my feet, too!"

I smiled and hurriedly left. I earned the package to our place. When I opened our apartment door Hilary was all over my ass.

"Jesus, Harvey," she hissed. "Where the hell have you been? I've been waiting for you, expecting your worthless ass home long ago. Give me that package!"

Hilary grabbed the package from me and began snidely teasing off the string. She tore off the paper and put the box on our dining room table. She took a deep breath before she opened it.

She removed the top of the box and went to reach for... She stopped. She stood down at the old, wrinkled coat. There was dead silence.

Then, slowly, Hilary let out a low wail like a scream, a cry of pain! I stared at her. She was coming unglued, losing it.

"What's the matter, dear?" I asked.

"This... this was the box from the pawn shop!" she cried.

"Yes, of course," I said. "What did you expect?"

"Oh, shit," she belatedly. "I... I... I..." Hilary threw the box with the old coat on the floor. She ran into her bedroom and threw herself on her bed, sobbing.

I couldn't help but open the door a bit, wondering what had come over her. I heard her babbling between the walls. "All that time... all that money... all that fucking! My sable coat is gone!"

Suddenly, I panicked. I quickly closed the door. When I was down the hall, I couldn't help but laugh. It might have been a cruel price to pay, but if anyone deserved it, it was Hilary.

And I was in bed now with Vicki and Helen. Maybe a divorce wouldn't be too bad. I'd have to see my lawyer in the morning.

I filed for divorce and about two months later, Vicki and I were going into one building when we saw Hilary. Vicki was wearing her beautiful, expensive sable coat. Hilary saw us and began running toward us, screaming obscenities as the elevator door closed and we headed up to Vicki's apartment.

Funny how a little thing like a pawn ticket can change a person's life.

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CHRISSY:



**SUPER
GREAT**



Okay, two super things about turning eighteen: First, Mom can't say anything about me posing for naked magazines, which is a really cool thing for me. And two, in my state I can go in bars now. It's not like I'm some super heavy drunkaholic or anything, it's just that cool things happen in bars and I want to be part of the cool stuff that happens in this world. Just to show what I mean, let me tell you about the freaky cool thing that happened already.

"It was prom night and I had a date with the bitchiest guy ever. I had wanted him to take me out forever and finally he asked me to the prom. We went with my two friends Lisa and Jennifer and their dates and after the prom, which was kid stuff, really, we went to a bar because we are all eighteen now.

"So I'm at the bar in my prom dress, just like you see me in here. I mean, this is my real prom dress, 'cause I wanted you to really feel it like it happened. I'm on a bar stool and I have my dress pulled up and my legs are crossed and I'm just there dangling my shoe, playing with it the way I love to do. It's way out on the end of my big toe and I'm flipping it around because I'm real good at it and I'm admiring my own foot because it looks so pretty in the shiny stockings Mom lent me for the prom. I'm not used to stockings so I guess that my skirt hid a little high and you could see the tops of the stockings where the garter belt hooks were. Anyway, Jennifer nudges me and points to this old guy, like forty or so, and he's staring at my foot like he's going to have a heart attack, all red in the face and breathing heavy and she whispers, 'Look at his thing!' and it... had a good size. He points as big as my... and

"Well, I say he only 38 but I know a lot of things and I know that man had a thing for my foot and I did, c'did to have some, fun. I flipped my foot and the shoe fell off on the floor. I thought he'd fall out of his chair, especially when I called, 'Hi, y Mister, you with the boner, come pick up my shoe!' My date and Jennifer and Leo were

cracking up, but he, slith... and down off his chair and came right over. I pushed him down on his knees and he picked up my shoe! put my sweetie stocking foot right on his lips. 'Kiss it,' I said, 'Kiss it and admit that you like foot to all my friends here.'

"He was probably drunk, but he did more than kiss



my foot. He sucked the toes all in his mouth like he was trying to swallow my foot right up. My date was laughing so loud and calling him a wimp and stuff, but I just sat there and finished my drink like this happened all the time, and made him suck the other foot too. I even took off my stockings since they were so wet and icky from his



mouth and stuffed them in his pocket as a souvenir before we left. My friends really got a laugh out of the whole thing and so did I. And you know what? I think I'll go back to that bar and see if that guy comes around. It's so super great to be right out!



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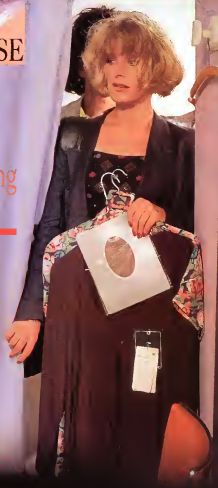
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GLIMPSE

Back
To The
Changing
Room





The photographer asked me to tell about this one. I'm the guard for the lady's changing room and he and I have gotten to be pretty good friends. In exchange for letting him come in my room behind the two-way mirrors to watch the ladies take their clothes off, he taught me how to use the camera. Boy, was he ever nice about it. He helped me set it up so I can take pictures too, and that's what we got here.

I started taking pictures because I saw it was two ladies in the booth. One sat down right away and her back was sort of towards me so I couldn't get a good look at her, except that she slipped her shoes off right away. The other lady was pretty cute and had on high heels and pretty underwear under her sheer pantyhose. I like the way the panties hike up in her butt crack under the pantyhose. And then I noticed the other lady was playing footsie with her! 'Oh my lord, could I have a couple of lesbians here?' I thought. 'Yeah, I had to touch myself through my uniform. As she kept undressing I could see clearly that she was showing off for her friend, displaying her body. 'Oh please,' I was whispering. 'Oh please get it on with each other.' I saw that happen once before in my booths, but the girls weren't as pretty as this one. I was hoping the other one was at least as cute.

Then she started stepping out of those pantyhose. She had to have sex in mind, as ladies never do that just to try on clothes. I speeded up on my organ, getting close to popping. She put her foot up on her friend's knee and my first thought was, 'Maybe they're foot fetish lesbians,' and then my second thought was, 'Her friend doesn't shave her legs too well.'

And right then it happened. The friend stood up and the cute girl sat down and up went the friend's skirt and she had a boner bigger than mine! 'See, they were planning to have sex, but not like I'd expected. In a minute the girl had the guy's pantyhose down and gave him quite a blowjob, which made me pop even if it was a big surprise.

That's my story. Just goes to prove, all kinds of people like pantyhose."





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LegShow_1991-12_070-071



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